

Family Thang

South Central Cartel

Nigga
Who a real rider is?
My family fool!
That's right
Puts it down on any hood or clique
That's real trick

It's the young mackola, slangin crack to stackola
The chip motorola holds the .44 to blow ya
Dohja smoke ignites the fire like lighters
The drop 64's catch the hoes on sighta
Let's take a trip to where the homies puts it down
They get and say I never come around
But I'm in traffic, tryna make a proper come up
Livin in this hell hole makes me wanna blow my dome up
My baby mama is more righteous than they come
The hood's on my back, the child support don't help me none
So now I'm on a mission, niggas in my rear view
Damn it's the homie, what the fuck them niggas up to
I bust a U. and still the homies on my backside
I grab the .44 hit the petrol in a G-O metro
And damn, I still got payments on this muthafucka
I lost all the hub caps and the homies I don't trust 'em

Well Young Prod if these niggas start trippin
And Twin I got your back too if it's mo' than two
And if it's mo' than three they gotta fuck with me
And that's how it's gon swing with this family thang

Y'all niggas kill me, feel me down when you up around
Clown me, down me when your ass not up around me
Now tell me G who's the fuckin playa hata
Mad 'cause I put my family up on some paper
My homie Joe gave me the 'fo on your bitch-ass
Hey troop I got your back loc, so won't you put the smash
Down, clowns like you I call haters
Mad 'cause you jock us but still can't fade us
It's young trip on a creep as I tips down, man
They got nothin to lose but 50 G's to gain
If I maintain a low profile like a Pirelli
'Cause niggas be schemin like evil side and wicked dreamin
Night after night be havin a nigga straight plottin
Like "Oliver Stone" out to get a grip of his own
And it's on and ain't no fakin niggas out for the takin
But if they come at me wrong Rata-tat-tat, ain't no get bacc

Now from the gate I gots to skate block to block when I'm swervin
Puffin up on that herb and still down for curb servin
Cutlass on deck, niggas trip, I'm a winner
Khakis and Chuck T's, gold D's as I bend the
Nigga's block, batteries hot, lockin a 40
Gold Rhimeson packin heat and it's on
Niggas playa hatin 'cause I stack the chip, dippin in a C-low
Puttin my bang down with my kinfolks
I see them half-ass hoes so damn down I used to figure
But now I'm hearin shit, it makes me wanna pull a trigger
Nigga, I put you down when you had nathin

Nigga, but now I'm hearin 'bout your playa hatin
Rollin in my low-low '64 loc, with my kinfolks
Fake-ass locs they get smoked tho'
We still deep, we be tight like Vice Grips
Collectin chips, dumpin clips on niggas who set trip

BiAtch

Westside and Eastside

Takin your ass on a gangsta ride

So peep this shit out nigga

It's the "in-a-cut-gang", baby, baby

And it's the South Central Cartel, baby

And it's the Young Prod thang, baby, baby

And all them niggas can't fade me

I'm crazy

Yeah, we be puttin it down for the 199-muthafuckin-6

You know what I'm sayin?